

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 412.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

PRICE 1½d.

MY FIRST FEE.

I COULD have 'gone out in medicine,' no doubt of it. My college tutor assured my grandmother, in all sincerity, that I was certain of my degree, and might even have been a wrangler, if I had stuck to mathematics for a couple of terms more. As for the Cambridge distinction of M.D., it was mere routine work to acquire it. But my grandmother, a most sensible old lady, agreed with me that so barren an honour might be shirked with propriety. London, so to speak, was overstocked with doctors of physic. The country presented a wider field, to be sure; but then the townfolk were influenced by clanship and local fashion in their choice of a medical adviser. As for the rural, or mining, or manufacturing districts, they required a strong useful practitioner, warranted to make up his own prescriptions, to attend paupers at a heavy loss, to 'take out' fees in irregular methods, and to scour the district like Tam o' Shanter. All my own inclinations were for metropolitan practice; but here my grandmother displayed, with excellent effect, her stores of experience for my benefit. 'Cyrus,' said that venerable lady (my name is Cyrus Butterford, at your service)—'Cyrus, you would starve in London with "Dr Butterford" on your door. You have no old dowager of title to trumpet your wonderful talents in Belgravian drawing-rooms. I don't think you are in the least likely to marry an old maid of quality, as some members of your profession do; and very well it sounds, or would sound: "Lady Flora and Dr"—no, I mean, "Dr Butterford and Lady Flora." Mayfair is a sealed book to you, my poor fellow. Without a particle of aristocratic connection or interest, too honest to become a charlatan, and not bright enough to set the Thames on fire' (my grandmother is wofully prejudiced; but few men are esteemed as they deserve by near relations), 'you have no earthly chance of a thriving practice in the West End; and as for Bloomsbury, it is honey-combed with brass-plates and hungry physicians bidding against each other. No. You have had a sound education. Walk the hospitals a bit; study hard; I will pay your fees; and you shall be a consulting surgeon.'

And a consulting surgeon I became. A proud man was I when I first saw the brightly burnished plate screwed on to my newly painted door: 'Mr CYRUS BUTTERFORD, M.R.C.S., Consulting Surgeon.' I had a bell-handle marked 'Surgery, Day,' and another marked 'Surgery, Night,' in addition to the two ordinary bell-pulls ticketed 'Visitors' and 'Servants.' A man of my prospective note, in constant demand, must, of course, have a lamp of coloured glass;

and I had one of four colours. People coming up the street knew where healing might be found by a blue gleam of light; people going down the street saw a ruby-tinted square of glass before them, and a 'bloody stain' thrown on the pavement, as in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; those over the way were confronted by an orange radiance; into my own windows flashed green, the colour of hope. As for the brass-plate, it was my Palladium, and the torment of the housemaid. It was as bright as gold; it dazzled the beholder's eyes in sunny weather. I often crossed the street to contemplate it from new points of view; often gave it, I confess, a surreptitious rub with a bit of wash-leather. Still, somehow, nobody came to be cured. There was the dining-room, furnished with the most solid mahogany and slippery horse-hair, with the most standard prints on the walls in neat frames, ready for the reception of patients. There were plenty of couches and settees, books on the table, magazines, and the morning papers, wherewith to beguile the time while others consulted the oracle. There was the doctor's portrait (I wanted a bust, too, but my grandmother declined to come to terms with the sculptor) smiling blandly over the sideboard, that the invalid might in some measure be familiar with the traits of his medical adviser, ere the decisive interview took place. Lastly, there was I in my inner study, surrounded by glittering instruments, learned works, preparations in spirit, morsels of humanity desiccated and under glass, and all the panoply of science; while Tom, my Ganymede, who rolled pills in one hour, and polished tea-spoons in the next, was prepared to usher, with mysterious importance, all comers to his master's studio. All was ready, save the patients. I was in the position of a sportsman equipped with double breech-loader, powder-flask, shot-belt, dog-whips and whistles, Eley's cartridges, and a capacious game-bag, but who trudges for miles with Juno and Ponto without seeing anything bigger than a titlark. Not a soul came near me, except a little girl in quest of two pennyworth of 'Poor Man's Plaster' for her father; and she, of course, was ignominiously expelled by Tom, with an injunction to repair to the nearest chemist's. I was just indulging in a melancholy and meditative cigar, and pondering on the desperate step of 'setting up my carriage' as a patient-trap, and so trotting along the road to ruin a little faster than before, when Tom came in to summon me. 'A gentleman, sir.'

Now, six months before, I should have experienced a tingling sensation through my whole nervous system at the announcement of such an arrival; but now I was incredulous as to the possibility of any one's requiring my services. I was not a hermit, though

a surgeon without practice. I had plenty of friends, mostly the junior members or aspirants of my own profession, fine open-hearted fellows who came constantly to see me at unearthly hours, who took a fiendish pleasure in ringing my night-bell, and who had an insatiable avidity for alcohol and oysters. So I said to Tom, in a very snappish tone: 'Who is it? If it's Mr Cupper or Mr Bladebones, you may tell them I'm engaged, and never can see them at this hour—the very busiest time of the day.—If you dare to laugh, you young rascal, I'll throw the splints at you.' And I caught up the heavy bundle of lancewood with a vivacity that reduced Thomas to respectful seriousness.

'It's Mr Titters, sir, and here's his card, and he'd like to speak to you particular upon business, unless you was werry much engaged already,' said the boy.

'Business!' cried I, jumping up with a palpitating heart, 'and Mr Titters! Why didn't you tell me before? Quick—my coat.' For the day was warm, and I had been sitting in my shirt-sleeves in the huge leathern arm-chair which I could not induce the afflicted to occupy. I hurried on my coat, adjusted my cravat, and chewed half-a-dozen *cachous aromatisés*, to take away the smell of the Nicotian weed. I knew Titters well, though he had never called on me before, and we had partaken of many cigars in company; but it would hardly be professional for a medical man to be found smoking at two o'clock—it would look so much as if he expected nobody. Tom watched all my proceedings with a sympathetic grin. In the big empty dining-room I found Titters, and greeted him with unfeigned delight. Titters was a man of some esteem in the city, and had earned a good repute for business ability. He was secretary to the Ichthyosaurus Assurance Company, whose fine offices in Cannon Street exhibit some of the most superb plate-glass in all London, and whose credit ranks high among its sisterhood of corporations. Titters had been at Cambridge, too, but had left his alma mater while still an undergraduate, in consequence of a slight difference with the authorities. We were members of the same Debating Society in Lamb's, Conduit Street, and had there renewed our old acquaintance, and were very good friends; but still it had never entered into my head to connect the ideas of Titters and business; and as we shook hands, I inquired what he wanted. He looked well and cheerful, but perhaps might be a little dyspeptic; or perhaps a determination of blood to the head: he was a sanguine-complexioned young fellow, with a short neck of apoplectic appearance: I longed to apply leeches and a lowering regimen.

I think my visitor read my thoughts, for he burst out laughing, and said: 'I'm quite well, I thank you, Butterford; but don't look so disappointed, old boy; I've really come on business. Not of my own, you know, but of our office: I've just run down in a Hansom from the shop in Cannon Street. Sit down, and I'll tell you all about it.'

I was all attention. After a preliminary comment on the heat and the flies, Titters began. 'We are in treaty with a party who wishes to buy an annuity. It's for rather a slapping amount, twelve hundred a year, in fact, and the board nibble, but won't bite. We've got our scale, of course, of values and ages, and our graduated tables, and we naturally wag our heads over them, as if they were the laws of the Medes and Persians—a wholesome thing for the public to believe, but in practical dealings, sometimes, ahem!'

'I understand,' said I, wondering all the while how I could be concerned in the matter.—'I understand. You sometimes grant more favourable terms than those fixed by your regulations, when you consider the circumstances of the case authorise such an infraction.'

'Exactly,' replied Titters, rubbing his right eye, in

which a suicidal fly had effected a lodgement; 'and the question is, whether this is one of those cases? The party—excuse my using the phrase, but it's good practice for the board-day—wants to drive rather a hard bargain with us. He's sixty-four and nine months, for he has sent us his baptismal certificate, and I've written to the parish-clerk, and it's correct to a day; but he wishes to pay no more for his annuity than if he were seventy.'

I gave an involuntary whistle. 'Of course,' said I, blushing, 'you cannot think of agreeing to such an outrageous proposal!'

'Well,' said Titters thoughtfully, rattling his half-crowns, 'I don't quite know what to say about it. It's irregular, and a bad precedent, but it has its temptations. The man's dying.'

'Dying?' exclaimed I in great surprise.—'dying? and wants to purchase an annuity! Titters, you are joking.'

'I never joke in business-hours,' returned Titters; 'it is, literally, as I have said.'

Here was a novel and startling manifestation of human eccentricity. I mused upon it for a moment, and then hinted, 'Mad!'

'Mad with self-will, perhaps—mad, certainly, upon no other point,' rejoined Titters. 'A clear-headed old fellow, with a store of anecdote and knowledge of the world, is Colonel Croucher.'

I asked if the colonel were a bachelor. The secretary said no. He was a widower, having lost his wife in Bengal. 'He has but one child, his daughter Eveline, a pretty girl, of nineteen or so. I suppose the colonel married latish in life, but, to see them together, one would take her for his grandchild. Most affectionate creature—watches over the old invalid to a wonderful extent. When he calls at the office, she comes too, and helps him upstairs—black servant, faithful fellow, Man Friday, propping up the Colonel Sahib on the other side. I never saw such eyes as the girl's—black as sloes; and as for rosy cheeks, we should charge her a pretty premium if she wanted to buy an annuity.'

I could not but feel interested in this charming domestic tableau which Mr Titters had somewhat coarsely sketched; but still I did not see in what manner I could possibly have any concern with the affair. Titters soon enlightened me on that point. 'You see,' said he, dropping his voice to the true confidential key, 'things look very pleasant, certainly, but it don't do for assurance companies to trust to looks; if they did, they'd be gazetted uncommonly quick. Now, since I've been secretary to the Ichthyosaurus, we've never been "done" at all. I don't say it's on account of any merit or exertions of mine,' continued Titters, as he looked down and played with his watch-chain; 'perhaps it's a luck.'

'I'm very sure it's no such thing,' cried I. 'You don't do justice to your own abilities, Titters.'

Titters hummed and hawed a good deal, then took a peep at the clock, and admitted it might not be wholly luck. 'Assurance offices have their vanity,' said he; 'and they feel disgrace more than loss. Now, within a twelvemonth, most companies have been sufferers. The Pterodactyle has been bitten, sir, in a way that would have brought shame on Moses Primrose; and as for the Megatherium, that turned up its nose at us, and called us an upstart concern, it has been fleeced to a very serious extent—imposed upon, I assure you, by the most transparent frauds.'

I laughed in sympathy with my friend, and awaited fuller disclosures.

'I don't want our shop to be cheated,' continued Titters, 'nor to meet black looks on board-day, nor to be hissed when the shareholders meet to receive their dividends. Least of all do I desire to be chaffed at the Gresham Club; and I have been rather hard on Smith of the "Pte.," and Robinson of the "Meg.," and

they'd like to pay me out in my own coin. So, of course, I want the colonel to go through a thorough medical inspection. We've got our regular doctor, old Bulph, you know.'

Of course I knew. Barnabas Bulph, M.D., a portly old city practitioner, who had drunk so much wine and pocketed so many fees that on the strength of them he had become universally respected.

'But,' said Titters, 'between ourselves, Bulph is a humbug—a slow coach, that ought to be laid up in ordinary. I can't trust him, and I'd shelve him to-morrow, but that he's father-in-law of Dark the director, own cousin to Spratmore the chairman, and attends the Hon. Sir Mark Swashington, K.C.B., who is our main decoy-duck; so he's safe as a rock.'

I smiled in a sickly way. What could Titters want?

'Just now, Bulph's abroad, giving Mrs Bulph a month's outing. He's as rich as a Jew, and hinted to me last week that he should resign, and give up practice entirely. You, Butterford, are the man I'd put in his place.'

I gave a start that galvanism could hardly have produced.

'Yes,' said my visitor, smiling at the effect he had produced; 'and why not? You have had a good education, Butterford. You are a sharp fellow, with plenty of cleverness. By Jove, how you walked into Charles I. the other night at our Society, and left Laud and Strafford without a leg to stand upon. You may be medical adviser to our company, sack your salary, and slip into first-rate practice at the east end, if only you play your cards well now.'

Play my cards! I would have jumped over London Bridge to realise such a tempting vision as that. Titters went on to tell me that in Bulph's absence he had a right to choose a substitute; that he wanted me to examine into Colonel Croucher's real state of health, and that if I gave satisfaction to the office, he would undertake to procure me the post of medical adviser on Dr Bulph's retirement. I forget exactly to what wildly hilarious transports my delight hurried me; I know that I wrung my friend's hand till he winced with the pain; that I uncorked half-a-dozen bottles of different liquors, in the insane desire to commemorate the joyful event by a libation; and that I commenced a nautical horripile, but gave it up for fear of losing for ever the dubious respect of Tom the footboy.

'Compose yourself,' said Titters, looking ruefully at the dints which his rings had made in his fingers, under pressure from without; 'get what tools you want, and let's be off. The appointment is for half-past three, and we shall just do the distance nicely, and be there before the annuitant. Cab's waiting.'

So I bustled frantically to and fro, collecting necessities and improving my toilet, as there was a young lady in the case. At first, it seemed to me as if I could leave nothing behind, inclusive of the stomach-pump and antidotes against poison; but Titters had more discretion.

'It's the chest you must look to,' said he—'the chest and throat. Asthma, bronchitis, and a heart-complaint, are, I believe, the chief things which the applicant suffers from.'

'Quite enough, too,' thought I, as I took my place under the hood of the Hansom; with Titters by my side.

We bowled along rapidly, had no more than our due share of 'locks' and obstructions, and were at Cannon Street in good time. How nervous I felt as the secretary of the Ichthyosaurus conducted me up stairs to the audience-room, may easily be guessed. Should I ever, I wondered, tread those stairs as a salaried official of the wealthy company? Had Fortune, embodied in the person of Titters, indeed knocked at my door? 'What a superb set of offices, Titters!' I exclaimed, looking round me with

surprise. 'These lofty rooms would do for a king's habitation; and Swan and Edgar cannot match you for plate-glass.'

'A tidy den enough,' said Titters carelessly. 'I hope you'll become as familiar with it as I am. Cyrus Butterford, Esq., M.R.C.S. won't look so bad in the half-yearly reports.'

I was looking out of the window, when up drove a dark brougham, very well got up indeed, with neatly stepping bay horses, brass-mounted harness, and heraldic bearings on the panels. Quiet, expensive, and unostentatious. To be sure, a certain showy air was imparted by the presence of the white-turbaned Indian servant, who sat on the box beside the correctly attired coachman; but what more natural than that an old officer should retain the services of an affectionate and devoted follower. The Hindu nimbly descended, opened the door, salaamed, and extended his arm. Without assistance, however, a lady whose fairy figure and sprightly movements denoted youth and health, emerged from the vehicle. Then was dragged rather than helped out of that same brougham the figure of a large old man, much bowed with years and sickness, and wrapped in furs and thick garments, in spite of the heat of the day. Propped on the arms of the young lady and the faithful native, the venerable gentleman slowly tottered across the pavement; and we heard the bell sound a sharp note of warning. Colonel Croucher, of course. In a couple of minutes more, the porter came up to announce him. He entered between his two supporters; and Titters hurried up to welcome the visitors, while I remained in the background. I had heard the invalid's hollow cough echoing through the vaulted passages and staircase, but I was hardly prepared for such a spectacle of decrepitude as met my gaze. 'How do you do, Mr Titters?'

The colonel could hardly articulate, as he sank groaning into the great velvet chair, which Titters pushed towards him. His daughter bent over him, arranging his shawls and collar; she had taken off one glove, the better to perform this labour of love; and I noticed that her small white fingers were exquisitely soft, plump, and delicate. She wore her veil down; but her pretty costume, of the slight fabrics befitting the summer, was in perfect taste, and evinced great elegance and ample wealth. Behind the chair stood the faithful Hindu—a handsome bronze statue, dressed in scarlet and white, with a Delhi scarf rolled round his waist, and his master's crest in silver glimmering from the graceful folds of his snowy muslin turban. His wiry moustache hung drooping like a black cord, and his intelligent dark eyes watched every motion of his master. But the colonel himself was a very remarkable figure. He was a mere wreck, to be sure, but he must have had a fine commanding presence in earlier days; and there was something about him that still claimed respect. He was pale and wrinkled, with immense gray whiskers, and shaggy eyebrows that fell like penthouses over his deep-set eyes and the small gold-rimmed spectacles he wore. He had taken off his hat, but a black velvet skull-cap covered his head so closely, that only a few locks of grizzled hair escaped from under it. His breath came painfully and quickly, his hand shook in a distressing manner, and he coughed at intervals. He had left many wrappers down stairs, but was still muffled up to such an extent that it made me hot all over to look at him. And this was the man, with one foot in the grave, who wanted to buy an annuity.

'Well, sir,' gasped the colonel, 'I am going out of town. I called to ask if you had made up your minds with regard to my offer.'

'Don't agitate yourself, papa, pray!' said the dutiful daughter, in a voice of such silvery music as I had never heard in my rather limited experience.

The secretary was glib and polite. He begged to assure Colonel Croucher, looking at the daughter all

the time, that the board had given every attention to the colonel's application, that they were desirous of meeting his wishes, and so on, but avoided coming to the point. I saw the dim eyes of the old officer sparkle behind their glasses.

'By George, sir, I will have an answer—ugh, ugh! You've been playing fast and loose with me for weeks—ugh, ugh!—and it won't, do, sir;' and the old man, though a furious fit of asthmatic coughing checked his voice, gave a couple of angry digs at the floor with the gold-headed cane, which he clutched in his trembling hand.

The Hindu and the young lady were at him in a moment with drops, and lozenges, and pattings on the back, and caresses, and every sign of solicitude. It was beautiful to hear the whispered terms of endearment which the daughter murmured in the ear of her suffering parent, speaking in a gentle voice like that of a cooing dove. At last the colonel got better; and Titters, who, to do him justice, looked contrite enough, apologised for the delay which had occurred. The board would be happy to accommodate Colonel Croucher, but Colonel Croucher must forgive the board, if, in a case which was not in accordance with strict rule, a little hesitation was experienced. He, Titters, could take upon himself to say that a satisfactory report from the surgeon who filled the responsible post of medical adviser to the Ichthyosaurus, would banish the doubts of that respectable reptile.

I should not have liked to have been in the colonel's regiment, he was such a fiery commander. I thought he would have choked with indignation at the secretary's remark: oaths and coughs struggled for precedence; the gold-headed cane beat the floor; the colonel's asthma came on shockingly; and his last articulate words were: 'Examine me, sir! Have your own way—like a raw recruit, by Jupiter!' The cough-drops and smelling salts were again in requisition. The young lady and the faithful Hindu had hard work of it with the irate invalid. Titters looked crestfallen in a very high degree; and I ventured to hint my profession, and to offer my aid. The young lady put up her veil, displaying a lovely face, with little pouting red lips, the bloom of a peach, and hair like glossy silk. As for the eyes, Titters's comparison of them to sloes was poor and prosaic; they were dark stars, rather, full of fire and tenderness, and surrounded by the most heart-breaking lashes. They gave me but one quick yet timid glance, but I felt a sudden thrill pass through my breast, and I stammered as I renewed my proffer. 'If I could render any assistance,' I repeated. 'Guggle, guggle—ugh, ugh, ugh!' went the unfortunate old officer: the faithful Hindu was chafing his temples with hartshorn and a cambric handkerchief.

'O sir, I am much obliged to you for your kindness, but really we must go away! O dear, how sorry I am to have occasioned you so much unnecessary trouble. Papa, love, the gentleman did not mean to offend you, indeed, indeed. Pray, come home, for my sake, dear. Ram Gungloo, assist your master!'

Ram Gungloo had to tug very hard, to get the bulky, helpless colonel under-weight again: the young lady seemed much too alight to bear the other moiety of the weight, so I ventured to lend my aid in supporting the feeble old man down to his carriage. Titters followed, looking excessively as if he were about to figure in the pillory for some peculiarly disgraceful offence. He is a good-hearted fellow, is Titters, and he was horrified at the effect of his own precautions. We got the poor asthmatic bundle of furs into his seat and among his pillows; the lozenges and hartshorn were placed on the opposite seat, and Miss Croucher took one of the large weak hands between her own soft fingers. Ram Gungloo salaamed, and clambered to his seat beside the coachman. The door was closed, and the word 'Home—to the Bolton

Hotel'—had been given, when the young lady pulled the check-string. 'If you should wish to communicate again with my father,' said she in her musical, low voice, addressing the penitent Titters, 'I should be so much obliged if you would write to me first. You see how agitated he is; in his present condition, he is unfit for business. Good-bye, sir, and thank you!'

What she thanked Titters for, I had no conception; but there was a charm in her voice—its least inflection was a melody. She shyly returned my bow, and the carriage drove off, she gave me one sad look with those glorious eyes, and I vow that I saw a pearly tear glistening through the dark lashes. Titters and I stood on the pavement, and ruefully contemplated one another. Then Titters jerked off his hat, plucking it from his head in as vehement a manner as if it had personally affronted him, and gave it a sounding rap on the crown. 'Confound the directors!' exclaimed he; 'they've no right to set a fellow at such work as this. I could have bitten my tongue off, by Jove, when I saw the effect my words had on that fine old brick of a colonel; and as for the girl, she's an angel, sir, if ever there was one.'

'That she is,' I replied with fervour, and should perhaps have said more, but that a porter, staggering under a Pelion of leather piled upon an Ossa of hides, came against us with a weight that forced us back into the assurance office.

'By your leave,' exclaimed the monster, as he crushed my tenderest eardrum and bonneted the miserable Titters; and as we reeled back into the hall of the Ichthyosaurus, we recognised the fact that Cannon Street was scarcely the place for polite conversation. Nor did we exchange many more remarks. Titters said briefly that he would drop me a line after board-day; most likely I should have to call on the colonel; but there were two or three obstinate directors, for whom no secretary could answer. A shaking of hands, a muttered 'good-bye,' and I was speeding along westwards, a wave of the busy stream of human life that murmured and elbowed around me. My mind was in a perfect whirl of thought. What a singular case! What a new chapter of worldly lore! I was hardly old enough as yet to take a serene view of the oddities of my fellow-men. School-boys and raw youths are apt to think they possess an infallible rule whereby to gauge human motives. World-worn men are, or ought to be, wiser. They recognise their own ignorance, the futility of the little line and plummet with which they would sound the fathomless depths of the heart of man. That old soldier, shattered and decrepit, what strange mainspring could move him to the fantastic act of buying an annuity! an annuity which a few weeks—at any rate a few fleeting months—would probably terminate. The caprice of the action was only equalled by its selfishness. He must be robbing his child, so soon to be an orphan, for the gratification of his own insensate vanity. And she—poor thing! so good and gentle, without a thought of her personal interest—the very type of filial tenderness—the kind, patient nurse of a rugged, cankered warrior. And her beauty, was its equal to be found on earth! My mind flew on to futurity, and I bethought me of the time to come, when her care for the weal of the old officer should be over for ever, and she should be left alone in the world. Not alone! surely not. There must be some female relative who would gladly invite to her home such a sunbeam of feminine perfection, who would give shelter and protection to the orphan maiden. But how did I know? The colonel was evidently a very terrible Turk, fierce and petulant beyond measure, and he had, as likely as not, estranged from him and his all his kith and kin. The very idea of that charming girl's being alone and unfriended in a cruel, crafty world, gave me a pang of regret. She might be poor hereafter, exposed to all the annoyances, the perils, that beset unprotected girlhood. I felt my blood tingle and my fist double itself up, as

if I were in the very act of knocking down some scoundrel for persecuting her.

Dear me! I am at home already, and fumbling for the latch-key. But Tom the boy, who is peering out of the surgery window, and who has his own stock of curiosity about the events of the afternoon, comes promptly to admit me. Tom was never as serious as a medical Ganymede ought to be, but to-day he was grinning and smirking in a way only excusable at weddings. He could not help me off with my great-coat, as it was summer, but he officiously took my hat, and proceeded to brush it, hissing the while like a groom, and leering at me with eyes that asked a score of questions. I took no notice, but walked majestically to my study. Tom rushed in, and manifested a wish to shut the windows. 'Leave the windows alone. What do you want to stifle me for? There; you may be off.' But this did not suit Tom at all. The wretch had the impudence to ask if 'the case had gone off well,' and to make obscure allusions to a 'handael for good-luck.' It afterwards came out that Tom, who was an aspiring genius, had a notion that, by immemorial custom, a doctor was bound to give the odd shilling out of every guinea-fee to his man-servant. Hence, in part, arose his extraordinary sympathy with my feeless condition; and it took much time and many jobations to disabuse him of his erroneous impression. I got rid of him now by the help of a boot-jack dexterously hurled, flung myself into the capacious chair where patients ought to have sat, and mused over my late interview. The study had a mean dingy aspect that I never remembered to have noticed before. It smelt disgustingly of stale tobacco. To Tom's intense surprise, when dinner was concluded, I bade him place candles in the drawing-room. That drawing-room was never used. I don't know, indeed, why it had ever been furnished, unless, indeed, it were to gratify my grandmother when she came up to town. She had chosen the pattern of the paper, and the pattern of the carpet, and the colour of the curtains. It was an awful apartment. The housemaid claimed it for her own; and indeed, as I judged by her face of silent indignation when I met her next upon the stairs, took it very ill indeed that I should have trespassed there. I admit that it had a depressing effect upon the spirits, that gloomy, red-brown room, with its tables formally set out, its stiff books in their fine bindings, its solemn ranges of chairs, its wax-flowers under glass, its noli me tangere china, and the dim light. Yet I could not help sitting there on the evening of the day that had witnessed my interview with the colonel and his daughter. I could not bear the narrow limits of my den, with its memories of Cupper and Bladebones, their tumblers and chinking tea-spoons, their odious medical jokes, their coarse laughter, detestable penny Pickwicks, and big discoloured pipes crammed with Cavendish. After all, male society makes one dreadfully rough and selfish, a mere Orson, so to speak. And a man ought to marry, and has a duty to society, and should be respectable and a steady-going citizen. Yes, a fellow is never truly happy till he marries. Heigh-ho! And straightway my imagination photographed the portraiture of a pretty young wife, sitting in the empty corner of yonder sofa, or in the vacant chair opposite, doing crochet, or reading, or writing notes on pink paper. I saw the shape of the matchless head and faultless shoulders, the glossy braids of raven hair bending downwards, the dark eyes, the wonderful silky eyelashes. How well she would look there! and what a joy to have such a well-spring of delight beside one's hearth! Something to work for then—something to toil for. What joy to fling into her lap the golden fruits of—Bless my soul! I had clean forgotten it before. I had never received any fee at all. What a very extraordinary thing! But, to be sure, I had done nothing to earn one. I had attended, but not prescribed, and doctors don't pocket

their *honorarium* as a reward for looking on and doing nothing. The whole business that day had been of an anomalous character; but Titters would write to me. I should soon get a summons. Not that I was fired by a love of lucre; I felt that I could walk from Paddington to Mile End to do that girl a service gratis. How well she would look there in that chair! And yet the chair was not worthy of her. What a hideous pattern my grandmother had chosen, after all!—and what roses!—dingy, bloated things, that would give a Parisian upholsterer the nightmare. No, she had been used to luxury, no doubt; and to her taste it ought to be reserved to select the 'fixings' for such a bower as—'Please, sir, Mr Cupper and Mr Bladebones, and another gentleman.'

'Say I'm engaged—not well; I can't see them!' cried I.

Tom withdrew. I heard a mighty sniggering in the entrance-hall; then Tom came back. 'Mr Bladebones, sir, said I was to give his love, and should he come in and bleed you? He's got the lancets handy.'

'Tell Mr Bladebones he may go—' cried I impatiently; but relenting, added: 'Tell Mr Bladebones, he and the rest may go into the surgery, and help themselves to what they like. The oxygen inhaler is full of whisky; there are pipes and bird's-eye tobacco in the drawer labelled "Poisons;" and there's lump-sugar, and lemons, too, in the tamarind jar. Get them hot water, and say I'm sorry, with my compliments, I'm too ill to join them.'

I did not go to bed till very late, not till after Bladebones and the other revellers had departed in a noisy and harmonious manner; but when I did, I had agreeable dreams—dreams of dark eyes and fairy forms, of love and happiness, of driving about in a well-horsed brougham, knee-deep in fees nicely rolled up in silver paper, and of seeing the stateliest Belgravian portals fly meekly open at my approach. The next three days passed somehow, and then I got a note from Titters. He had been as brief as Falstaff's honourable Roman. 'Right with colonel. Appointment. Call for you. Sharp one o'clock. Ta-ta.' Not very explicit that, I think. I was quite angry with the fellow for his affected laconism. He might surely have told me more about the matter. I gather his meaning, certainly, but it is conveyed with needless curtness. I had no patience with his 'sharp one o'clock,' and his absurd 'ta-ta.' But I went forth with to my bedroom, dressed myself with the nicest care, and reprimanded Tom for his criminal neglect of my boots. At last they were polished to my satisfaction, my cravat was adjusted so as to do me and itself justice, I had cracked a pair of new lilac kids across the ball of the thumb, and had sent out for a fresh supply. Then I had to beat a tattoo on the window-panes for an hour or more, before Titters came bowling up in a Hansom cab. He got out to ring the door-bell, and I noticed that he was much smarter in his general appearance than I had ever before seen him. He had a glossy new hat, straw-coloured gloves, and the most superb scarf that money could buy twisted around his throat, with a pin stuck in it that was obviously a recent purchase. Even his hair was trimmer and more elegantly arranged than of old. In short, he was a swell of the first-water. 'I thought Titters had more sense,' muttered I, as I went out to join him; 'nor can I see the necessity for the secretary of an assurance company dressing himself out in this ridiculous manner.' But Titters hailed me with: 'Halloo, Butterford, what an Adonis you are! I give you my word, I should not have known you.' We burst into a laugh, but looked at each other rather guiltily, too. Off swept the great wheels, devouring the distance. 'Is that toilet to fascinate the old colonel?' asked Titters with rather a sneer.

'No,' said I—'is yours?'

Titters said he had a call to pay presently in

Curzon Street. I said that I had a call to pay in Portman Square. And neither of us believed the other. We were soon at the Bolton Hotel. The page ran out, asked our errand, and called the porter; and the porter called a waiter, and the waiter called the colonel's Indian servant. Ram Gungloo received us with a salaam and a grin of recognition. 'The Colonel Sahib would see us at once. Would the Sahibs walk this way?' Following Ram Gungloo's showy figure and glaring shawls, we found ourselves in a large, richly furnished room, full of a hundred objects that spoke of wealth and self-indulgence. There was the colonel, less wrapped up than the other day, sitting propped by pillows in his elbow-chair. By his side was his beautiful child, looking ten times prettier than she had looked in her cloak and bonnet, and dressed with a sort of studied simplicity, that proved her milliner to be a person of taste. 'Happy to find you in better health, Colonel Croucher. I trust, sir, we may long have your name on our list of annuitants, ha, ha, ha! The Board, I am glad to see, has given me full powers, subject only to the report of our medical adviser—mere matter of form, ahem!' Thus spoke Titters. The colonel was not in a rage just then, but he was very weak, and the voice in which he excused himself from rising to receive us was fluty and feeble as an infant's. He was gracious in his demeanour, and his words were well chosen, and such as betokened good-breeding and sound sense; but as he sat there coughing, and supported by cushions, I thought he looked amazingly like a sick lion. Miss Croucher was rather silent, but she gave us her little hand, and beamed on us with a kindly smile as she glided about the old soldier's chair, noiselessly supplying his many wants. To nurse him must have been awful work. He was always wanting Eau de Cologne, or lozenges, or something, and he kept dropping his handkerchief and disarranging his pillows. His asthma was heavy upon him. It shook his frame dreadfully, and his wheezing and panting were distressing to the ear. 'Perhaps it would be better to have the examination over at once,' said the young lady in a low tone, looking at me. How my heart bounded!

'Certainly,' said Titters.

'By all means,' said I.

Miss Croucher whispered in the sufferer's ear, bent over him, kissed his war-worn brow, and glided away.

Ah! thought I, 'could my grandmother but see her, I don't doubt that she would give her consent, and an increase of income.'

As she passed through the doorway, the lovely girl turned and cast a single glance at me—such an imploring look, a coy, bashful, entreating look, but with a certain undercurrent of interest in it, that set my pulses racing at headlong speed. She was gone. I could not doubt her meaning. She wished me to be very considerate and careful with her aged parent. To him I now turned. He was coughing in his chair. Behind him stood his turbaned attendant, mute and watchful. I went through my necessary duties with all possible kindness and courtesy. I had a long form to fill up, many hard questions to ask, and I greatly dreaded to irritate or pain the patient, but somehow we got to the end of the interrogatory. Then I felt the pulse, looked at the tongue, tried auscultation, and so forth. Perhaps the hand that held the stethoscope was not very steady, nor the ear that listened as free from nervousness as ought to have been the case, but before me always beamed the pleading dark eyes, with their candour and beauty. The colonel's asthma remained much the same. It shook and tore him. His sallow face grew crimson. Ram Gungloo had to administer continual restoratives. There! the report was finished, and I signed my name with a flourish. Next, the exhausted patient was gasping like a great new-caught fish among his pillows, and Ram Gungloo was holding up his head, and Miss Croucher was back

among us, petting and soothing her old father into his normal condition of patient suffering. 'We shall be able to sign the papers and to receive the price of the annuity on Monday,' said Titters, trying to mix up the characters of business-man and dandy, and failing in both. But Miss Croucher was very kind to us both. It may have been fancy, but I thought she rather gave me the preference. Our eyes met now and then, and she withdrew hers with a sweet confusion that overpowered me with blissful hopes. She would not hear of our going away directly; we must stop to lunch with them. 'Lunch, Ram Gungloo!' The well-trained Oriental opened the folding-doors, and behold, a table covered with quite an imposing array of good things, crystal, silver, china, flowers, wine-coolers. 'By George!' Titters afterwards remarked, 'if that is their usual style of living, they must be tremendous swells.' The colonel's chair was wheeled to the table by the faithful Hindu. We both started forward to offer an arm to Miss Croucher; she coyly accepted mine. I have seldom been happier than during that repast. I have no idea what I ate or drank. But our fair hostess spoke to me repeatedly, though with a certain embarrassment, and even to meet her timid glance was rapture. I did not say much. Titters talked very much, and, in my opinion, very flippantly and stupidly. The colonel spoke but twice: 'Eveline, my love, this wine is not what it might be!' 'Ram Gungloo, you rascal, *pami lao!*'

So her name was Eveline! a sweet, delicate name that I was glad to treasure up. Even happiness must end, so presently we had to take leave.

'Good-bye, Mr Titters! thank you so much.—Dr Butterford, I shall never forget your kindness.—And could you really finish the business-matters on Monday, Mr Titters, for I am so anxious to get dear papa down to Brighton on Wednesday at latest? The sea agrees best with his asthma. Pray come and see us, if you visit Brighton. I look on you both as friends, indeed, and so does papa, and I should be sorry if you forgot us. Good-bye.'

We went out. Ram Gungloo salaamed us down the steps. Titters and I stared at one another. 'You are off to Curzon Street?' 'And you to Portman Square?' Then we both laughed, and shook hands. 'No jealousy, old fellow; if you are really smitten!'

'Pooh, pooh! Nothing of the sort: I thought you were. I'm going to my governor's at Stamford Hill. By the by, here's your fee, with the best regards of the Ichthyosaurus, and I hope it's not the last you'll get from our shop.' And so it was, in a neat envelope, a crisp, new five-pound note, that cracked between my fingers as I unfolded it, and which filled my mind with no unworthy rapture. I was like a general who had won his first battle. I wrote exultingly that very night to my grandmother at Cheltenham. I saw myself in fancy a baronet, and body-surgeon to the Majesty of England; and Bladebones and Cupper, after fingering and examining the prize, pronounced me the luckiest dog in the profession, and a credit to Guy's. I heard from Titters that on Monday the colonel's annuity had been granted on the favourable terms proposed. Papers had been signed, money paid, and the family were to leave town on the Wednesday. How often I had passed the hotel, by pure accident, I am ashamed to say; but I never had the fortune to meet the fair Eveline. I did not see so much as the tip of Ram Gungloo's moustache. On the following Saturday, an imperative longing for sea-air, and the magnificence of ocean scenery, took me down to Brighton. I walked up and down the esplanade a long, long time, watching the squadrons of equestrians canter by, under command of their riding-masters; but at last she came, driving a beautiful pair of ponies, in the neatest basket-phaeton ever turned out by Croydon, with the colonel by her side; nor the colonel alone, for the back-seat was occupied by a moustached puppy of military aspect, who was

bending forward and saying something that made her laugh with unwonted hilarity. But her father, the colonel—how was he changed! Wrappers and furs were gone; gone, too, were spectacles, decrepitude, and bodily feebleness. A hale, powerful old man was before my astonished eyes, dressed in sporting style, and removing a cigar from between his lips, to give utterance to a laugh that told of lungs as tough as leather. Here was a miracle. The invalid, the dying man of a week ago, was metamorphosed with a vengeance. Eveline's eye fell on me; I took off my hat; she started, whipped her ponies, and as she bowed and drove on, a wicked light sparkled in her dancing eyes, and she uttered a peal of cruel, mocking laughter, silvery in sound, but distressing to my ear. The carriage whirled on. I stood, stunned; I felt an arm drawn through mine; it was that of Chirper, an acquaintance who knows everybody.

'How are you, Butterford? Brighton air, my boy? What are you staring at? Oh, the ponies; nice steppers; cheap at a hundred. Croucher will sell, if I ask him.'

'Do you know him?' I asked, half mechanically.

Chirper said yes, he did. 'Horrid old rip, you know. Turf-man—sporting chicken; well known as St Paul's. Won a hatfull on the Derby. Once in the Company's army. Lieutenant: calls himself colonel. It was captain when I joined the Guards.'

'And Eveline, Eveline?' cried I wildly.

'Aha! Eveline! So you know her, do you? Sly dog!' said Chirper of the Life Guards.

'There has been some deception,' said I; 'but surely his daughter!'

'Daughter!'—how Chirper laughed—'why, man, she's his new wife, his third. We call him Old Blue-beard. She was Eveline McGlowrie, that all the world has waltzed and flirted with these seven years at Baden, Brighton, Leamington, everywhere. She's as sharp as a needle. Old Croucher won a deal of money at Epsom, and she made him buy an annuity, for fear he'd lose it at play. He's as sound as a bell—good for twenty years—and she humbugged an assurance company—the Ichthy—something—into believing him a dying man.'

'What!' cried I.

'Yes,' said Chirper; 'fact, I assure you. Dined with them at Lord Bivalve's yesterday. Eveline made us all cry with laughing; such fun describing the scenes, the sham illness, and that. She took off the secretary to the life, and as for the spoony young doctor—What's the matter?'

'Nothing,' answered I, with a gulp; 'but Ram Gangloo, the Indian servant!'

'You have heard the story, then?' said Chirper. 'They hired him: a Bengalee *Mussaulchee* out of place. Picked him up about Biahopsgate Without, at ten bob a day. A regular sell. Mrs C.'s idea that. Hang it, Butterford, how pale you look. Too much London gaiety, eh, old chap?'

I tore myself away. I went to London by the first train: I tore down to Cheltenham, to bury my sorrows in my grandmother's sympathising bosom. While there, I got the following letter:

'Sir—The directors of the Ichthyosaurus Company desire me to inform you that your application for the situation of medical adviser to the company has been duly laid before the board. The directors cannot, however, shut their eyes to the fact that your recent report respecting Colonel Croucher's health has led the company into making concessions in every sense injurious. The directors can only acquit you of partiality or complicity in the above nefarious transaction by laying the blame, which unquestionably attaches to you, on your want of experience and professional knowledge. Under these circumstances, I can but return your testimonials, &c., and beg to remain your most obedient, humble servant,

PLANTAGENET TITTERS.

'P. S.—Old boy, I'm very sorry, but couldn't help it. There's been a dreadful explosion on board-day, and the directors declared you responsible. What could I do? Yours ever,

P. T.'

My first fee was dearly earned.

EARLY PRINTING.

THE simple process of stamping an impression upon any given surface is almost as ancient as writing itself; but the invention of typography, by which we understand the art of making that impression with movable type, is the great discovery of the fifteenth century.

In the numerous signet-rings of ancient Egypt, we see something of the rude mechanism of making impressions, whether in wax or by means of filling the concave portion with pigment, transferring the device to the document or material desired. The bricks and cylinders of Assyria and Babylon tell how public records were indelibly written upon clay, which was subsequently hardened. The Greeks and Romans occasionally made use of stamps, but, in almost every instance, the name or device was engraved *en creux*; consequently, the impression, when taken, would be convex. There is an exception to this in a signet made of brass, preserved in the British Museum, bearing the name of one C. Cocilius Herenia, who is supposed to have lived about the beginning of the Christian era. Looking at it, one might be almost tempted to ascribe the art of printing—of block-printing at least—to the Romans, for this stamp differs from seals and other similar instruments in that the letters are cut in low-relief, the surrounding parts being hollowed out roughly and to irregular depths; consequently, its use is evident. The relieved inscription, being covered with ink, was pressed upon the paper or parchment, and left a reversed imprint of itself. Yet the Romans never carried the invention further, singular as it is that a nation so refined and so learned could have overlooked the important results which would follow on the full development of the art; more singular still is it, that even this rude contrivance of stamping the impression of a name should have been neglected for centuries, except by the Chinese, who were familiar with the process, and greatly extended its utility, at a period so remote as to be almost contemporary with the Roman invention. But, though the Chinese print with so much facility, we must not for a moment confound their method of multiplying books with modern typography; they pursue the same plan now that they did two thousand years ago. It may assist us to understand the mechanism of the art if we glance at a Chinese printing-office.

We have lately heard how Prince Kung was fain to have copies of the treaty contracted with England posted upon the walls of Peking, as well as published in the *Imperial Gazette*. We will suppose for a moment that his Highness has the original document in his hand, duly signed in vermilion by his Celestial Majesty, with the impression of the Great Seal of England dependent therefrom, encased in a silver box. *Bon gré mal gré*, he must publish the obnoxious document; he therefore commands that they bring a cunning scribe, who takes an accurate copy of the original on very thin paper: this is placed in the hands of a person answering to our compositor. He selects a piece of hard wood, rather larger than the copy, and that being something like four feet square, his stock is severely taxed to afford one of the dimensions required. The copy is then glued upon the surface, with the face downwards, so that

the characters shew through *reversed*. He then cuts away all the plain paper and a film of the board with marvellous celerity, leaving the letters standing out in low bas-relief. The board then passes from the compositor (or more properly the carver) to the printer. He fixes it in a frame, and dipping a large brush in very thin Indian ink, he passes it lightly over the surface in such a manner that a sufficient quantity is left for four or five impressions. From a pile of paper he selects a sheet, and deftly lays it upon the board, pressing it gently down by drawing a soft brush over it, increasing the pressure with each impression, till the whole of the ink has been absorbed. So rapid is the process, that it is confidently asserted that one man can print seven hundred sheets an hour; and, in this instance, we can well imagine that the command for expedition was urgent. In respect of the treaty, there remained nothing to be done but to post it upon the walls of Peking. But as regards book-work, the Chinese paper is so thin that only one side is printed; therefore, to avoid the unsightly blank appearance of every alternate page, the sheet is so folded that the doubled edge is in front, and the board having been so engraved as to contain two pages, the effect is the same as though the impress had been taken on both sides of the paper. The binder is careful to make the single edges form the back of the book, the folds being in front, which are never cut.

Such is the method of printing in China—engraving would be the more appropriate term; and after this insight into the process, we shall be the more prepared to trace how typography grew out of a similar art practised in mediæval times. We allude to the playing-cards and image-books, the delight of the bibliomaniac, which form the curious treasures of our public libraries. It is generally allowed that playing-cards were invented about 1300 A.D. At first, the cards were painted by hand; about a century later, the marking was done by means of blocks. The earliest authentic evidence relating to the subject is contained in a document discovered at Venice among the archives of the Company of Printers of that city. It bears the date of 1441, and declares, 'that from this time in future, no work of the said art that is printed or painted on cloth or on paper'—that is to say, 'altarpieces or images, and playing-cards, and whatsoever other work of the said art is done with a brush or printed—'shall be imported into this city,' &c. The earliest print extant with engraved legend, of which the date is ascertained, is the famous wood-cut of St Christopher, executed in the year 1423, and which now forms one of the treasures of Lord Spencer's black-letter library at Althorpe. This was followed by the picture-history of the Old and New Testament, popularly called *The Poor Man's Bible*, a marvellous production, consisting of forty plates, each containing a scriptural illustration, with texts and explanatory verses dispersed about the page. Other works of a similar nature and corresponding date are extant, under the general title of 'Image Books,' of extreme rarity, and consequently of fabulous value. In these the words were engraved on wood. The great discovery consisted in sawing them asunder, and thus rendering them movable, so that every word or sentence might be composed at will, impressions thrown off, and the same letters again employed to form other words and sentences. This was accomplished by John Gutenberg about the year 1438.

There is little doubt that Gutenberg justly deserves the title of the Father of Printing, though no sooner did he become celebrated, than pretenders arose on all sides claiming the honour of the invention. The curious in these matters may consult many authorities, for no less than a hundred and nine bibliomaniacs have written in support of his claims, and twenty-four against, besides disputants innumerable as to the town in which the first press was set up. John Gutenberg was born at Mentz early in the

fifteenth century, and settled at Strasbourg about 1435. He entered into partnership with three citizens, named Andrew Dritzehen, John Riffe, and Andrew Heilmann, and bound himself to disclose certain secrets by which they should realise a fortune. Dritzehen died before the expiration of the five years, the period of the engagement, being still indebted to Gutenberg in the sum of eighty-five florins. The brothers of the deceased demanded to be admitted into partnership, and on refusal, brought an action against Gutenberg. The cause was heard in December 1439, and was decided in favour of our printer. The whole of the evidence has been preserved, and is very curious. We have only space to cite the deposition of one witness, namely, Anna, the wife of John Schultheiss, an engraver on wood, who stated, 'that on one occasion Nicholas Beildeck came to her house to Nicholas Dreizehen her relation, and said: "Andrew Dreizehen of happy memory has placed four pages (*stücke*) in a press, which Gutenberg has desired that you will take away and separate, that no man may know what they are."' It also appeared at the trial that Gutenberg, fearful of the secret being discovered, had destroyed the presses. The partnership was dissolved, and Gutenberg, disappointed and impoverished, returned to Mentz. Here he became acquainted with a wealthy citizen of the name of John Fust, a goldsmith, skilled in the working of precious metals; with him he entered into partnership, and pursued his discoveries. Soon afterwards, Fust met with one Peter Schoeffer, spoken of as a scribe, or more probably an illuminator and transcriber of manuscripts. The combined ingenuity of these three men perfected the invention.

Gutenberg in his unassisted labours had only succeeded in producing single letters, cut by infinite labour out of pieces of wood or metal; the next step was casting each separate letter by means of a die made of plaster of Paris. This he is supposed to have first done at Strasbourg, melting his own drinking-cup in the ardour of the moment to obtain the necessary material. It remained for Schoeffer to complete the discovery, when, by the use of punches, an impress was stamped upon the surface of the metal, cast in a convenient form, thus forming movable type. It is said that Schoeffer, having become ardently attached to the goldsmith's only child Christina, and not venturing to avow his passion, toiled day and night perfecting the invention. Love inspired his efforts; and we may imagine the trembling eagerness with which he looked forward to the day when, if successful in the discovery so dear to his master's heart, he might venture to press his suit. At length, having cut *matrices* for the whole alphabet, he shewed Fust the letters cut from these moulds; and we may conjecture that Christina was no indifferent spectator when, in the moment of exultation at seeing his vague ideas made a reality, her father embraced his apprentice, calling him his son. Schoeffer was shortly afterwards united to Christina, and that love was no impediment to industry is proved by the fact, that the celebrated Psalter was published so early as the year 1457.

Meanwhile, Gutenberg had again fallen into difficulties. The large sums which he continually drew from Fust to prosecute his discoveries led to differences, and, in the end, to the dissolution of partnership, when the whole of his printing apparatus fell into the hands of the goldsmith. This occurred prior to 1457, so that Gutenberg had the mortification of seeing others receive the reward of his labours, for even the initial letters with which he had printed one of his earliest books did not escape, and were employed upon the celebrated Psalter. Poor and neglected, Gutenberg did not despair; he commenced business anew, which he carried on with variable success for ten years, and then entered into the service of the elector of Saxony. There, as gentleman-pensioner,

the last days of his life were comfortably provided for. He died in 1468. Copies of the books printed by him, both from wooden blocks and movable type, are still extant, and of a value corresponding to their rarity.

But to return to Fust and Schœffer. If anything can shew the marvellous celerity with which a new art may be perfected, it is exemplified in that of printing. Few productions of modern times can surpass the magnificent Psalter of 1457. The capital letters, two hundred and eighty-eight in number, are cut on wood with a degree of boldness and delicacy truly surprising; the largest of these, which are coloured blue, red, and black, must have severally passed through the press three times. The body of the work is printed in a very large clear Gothic type, nearly a quarter of an inch in height. Copies of this wonderful production are preserved at Windsor and Althorpe. The Psalter was followed by the Great Latin Bible in 1462, and by numerous other works. Fust died about 1466; while Schœffer is believed to have been still living at the commencement of the succeeding century, for his name is found in the colophon of the fourth edition of the Bible, published in 1502.

To trace further the history of printing upon the continent would far exceed our limits, but we cannot dismiss the subject without some reference to the introduction of the art into England. In a minor degree, English students imitated continental writers in endeavouring to throw a veil of mystery over the first printer who set up a press in this country. Some assert that the honour of priority belongs to a man named Frederic Corssellis; but, on investigation, the evidence falls to the ground. Without doubt, William Caxton deservedly merits the title of the Father of English Printing. He is supposed to have been born about 1422 'in Kente in the Weeld,' as chroniclers aver, and in 1438 was apprenticed to one Robert Large, a mercer of London, and one of the richest and most influential members of that ancient guild. That Caxton was diligent and faithful is attested by his master leaving him a legacy of twenty marks, a sum equal to L.150 of our money. This event occurred before the expiration of his apprenticeship; and it is doubtful whether, his indentures being transferred to another, he was sent thither by his new master, or whether by his own desire, but we next find him in the Low Countries, where he remained for thirty years, making, in all probability, Bruges his chief place of residence, at that time not only the capital of Burgundy, but the mart of all the neighbouring states. In 1464, we hear of Caxton as employed by Edward IV. to negotiate a treaty of commerce with the Duke of Burgundy; and it is supposed that about this period, when Mentz became involved in the continental wars, he met with some of the fugitive workmen employed by Fust and Schœffer, and from them learned the art of printing. He was favoured by circumstances, for he was fortunate in having secured the powerful friendship of Margaret, sister to our Edward, who had married the warlike duke. She appointed him to an honourable office in her household; she encouraged him in his labours; and it was at her request that in 1471 he published the English version of the *Recuyelle of the Histories of Troye*, which he translated under her inspection from the narrative drawn up by the duke's chaplain, Raoul La Fevré. It is said that the duchess was wont to commend Caxton to have frequent exercise of his native language, bidding him amend his English; and we can imagine how his heart warmed in the land of strangers at hearing the sound of his mother-tongue.

In 1477, Caxton came to England, at the invitation of the abbot of Westminster, doubtless through the recommendation of his noble patroness. He was accompanied by Wynkyn de Worde, the fugitive

printer from Mentz, and set up his press near one of the chapels belonging to Westminster Abbey; whence the origin of the term 'to call a chapel,' used to this day, when the workmen in a printing-office meet together to discuss a grievance. The first book that was issued from the Caxton press was entitled *The Game and Playe of the Chesse*. This was followed by sixty different publications, the labours of Caxton ending only with his life, as is touchingly related by his partner and successor Wynkyn de Worde in the colophon of his edition of the *Lives of the Fathers*, which were 'translated out of French into English by William Caxton of Westminster, late dead, who finished it the last day of his life.' He died in 1491. It is calculated that Caxton printed more than 18,000 pages, of which fully a third were translations made by his own hand. But his works, though numerous, are held in high esteem, for, in this early stage of printing, seldom more than eighty or a hundred copies were struck off in one edition, which was sometimes commenced and completed in a day, as he himself tells us of the *Recuyelle*—namely, 'thatt alle the copyes werre beganne in onn daye, and fynishedd in onn daye.' At the famous Roxburgh sale in 1812, the identical copy of this book, which was presented by Caxton to the queen of Edward IV., the sister of his patroness, was an object of lively interest; after an exciting contest, it was knocked down for the large sum of L.1100.

Caxton types cannot vie in beauty or finish with those of Fust and Schœffer; but he was the first who introduced the Roman in opposition to the Gothic type, then universally employed. A little harmless variety may have led to this innovation. It is believed that in early life Caxton was celebrated as a calligraphist—certain it is that he, in his printed books, imitated his own handwriting. He used two descriptions of character—one of a bold exursive type; the other, a semi-Roman hand, known as 'Lettres de Somme.' Wynkyn de Worde greatly improved upon his master; and it is even said that some of the letters used less than a century ago were cast from his matrices, nay, that his very punches are still in existence. Before a century had passed since the invention, printing-presses had been established in nearly every considerable town both at home and abroad; and before the partner of Caxton was gathered to his fathers, he had the satisfaction of seeing his art worthily maintained by his numerous followers and apprentices.

It were unnecessary to remark the wonderful effect produced by this invention towards the revival of letters, and more especially how it was made an instrument in the hands of Providence in bringing about the Reformation. The middle ages might well be termed the dark ages, when the lamp of truth was obscured, for the Bible being a sealed book, there was no tribunal of appeal against the errors of the imagination, or the more pernicious teachings of self-constituted interpreters. Many a curious story might be told of the vicissitudes through which the black-letter treasures of our libraries passed. A book has been deemed equivalent to an earl's ransom. King Alfred gave Benedict eight hides of land—as much as eight ploughs could till—for a single volume. In 1174, Walter, prior of St Swithen's, Winchester, thought twelve measures of barley and a superbly embroidered pall well disposed in exchange for the Homilies of Bede and the Psalter of St Augustine. In the fifteenth century, the Countess of Anjou gave for a copy of the Homilies of Haimon, two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and a like quantity of rye and millet; while so late as 1471, Louis XI. of France was obliged, when he borrowed some books from the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, not only to deposit a quantity of silver vessels by way of pledge, but also to find a surety, who would answer for their being returned within a specified period. Well might the Sacred

Writings be chained to the reading-desk, and anxious students stand waiting for hours till their turn came for a hasty perusal; and well might schools be confined to monasteries and palaces, since none but monks and kings possessed libraries.

Till within a few years, when, by the introduction of steam, the mechanical part of the art has been so much advanced, the process of printing has changed but little in principle since its invention. Early wood-cuts shew the compositor, pressman, and reader pursuing their avocations much as they do now; rather more slowly, however gravely and deliberately, as if they loved to linger over their task. In those halcyon-days, there were no newspapers to be compiled, no debates to be reported, no telegrams to be received one moment and published the next—above all, there was no huge press, driven by steam-power, vibrating within earshot, revolving its cylinders of type, and throwing off impressions by thousands in an hour. Those good old times of quiet industry went out of fashion with tall folios and ponderous quartos, the pride of our forefathers; and we might now as vainly seek for a venerable Caxton elaborating his large edition of a hundred copies, as expect to find 'learned leisure' in a modern printing-office.

LORD MACAULAY'S PARTIALITIES.

A VERY clever little book has been published by 'John Paget, barrister-at-law,' for the purpose of discussing the partial views which Lord Macaulay, in his *History*, has taken of the Duke of Marlborough, the massacre of Glencoe, the Highlands, the Viscount Dundee, and William Penn.* As we were ourselves, from the first, sensible of a one-sided character in Lord Macaulay's great work, we have read this volume with much interest, and we can now report upon it as more than bearing out the views we entertained upon the subject. In saying so, however, we would desire, like Mr Paget, to record our high admiration of this great and fascinating writer. That he was liable to errors, is surely no deadly charge to make upon a human being; and no one will pretend to deny that, for the sake of truth, his errors, no less than those of other men, ought to be pointed out.

We must pass over the defence of the Duke of Marlborough, and can afford room for but a remark on some other parts of the book. Mr Paget has, we think, fairly and finally cleared the illustrious William Penn of the foul blots which Lord Macaulay threw upon him.† Of Lord Dundee, he has shewn—to say the very least—that he was not quite so ruthless an instrument of a bad government as he has been called. In regard to Glencoe, Mr Paget's efforts have mainly gone to shew that the historian has thrown upon the Master of Stair much of the infamy which really rests with the king.

We reserve space on purpose that we may advert at greater length to the picture which Lord Macaulay has drawn of the state of the Highlands and the character of the Highlanders in the seventeenth century. According to his lordship, a traveller then penetrating the Highlands would have found dens of robbers instead of inns. 'The food, the clothing, nay, the very skins of his hosts, would have put his philosophy to the proof.... At supper, grain only fit for horses would have been set before him, accompanied by a cake of blood drawn from living cows. Some of the company with whom

he would have feasted would have been covered with cutaneous eruptions, and others would have been smeared with tar like sheep.' At the same time, the people were lazy, treacherous, living by rapine, and having little aversion to murder; and all their boasted fidelity to an exiled royal family was wholly unreal, clan enmities only directing the Highlanders into the armies of Montrose, Dundee, and Prince Charles Stuart.

For the statement regarding the tar—one which, we believe, has given greater offence beyond the Grampians than any other—Lord Macaulay quotes a satirical poem of William Cleland on the Highland Host which was quartered in Ayrshire in the year 1678. Mr Paget justly remarks 'that this is like quoting Gillray's caricatures for a true description of a Frenchman.' For the general account of the country and its people, Lord Macaulay refers to Franck's *Northern Memoirs*, Burt's *Letters*, and Goldsmith's *Letters*, in none of which, as Mr Paget shews, are his lordship's statements borne out. Burt, it appears, confesses to a couple of fowls for supper—ill-cooked, it is true—with hard eggs, and a bottle of claret; which Mr Paget thinks not bad fare for an out-of-the-way country. What is of greater consequence, instead of dwelling on any tendency of the people to murder and robbery, this respectable road-engineer says: 'Personal robberies are seldom heard of among them. For my own part,' he goes on to say, 'I have several times, with a single servant, passed the mountain-way from hence to Edinburgh, with four or five hundred guineas in my portmanteau, without any apprehension of robbers by the way, or danger in my lodgings at night. I wish we could say as much for our own country [England].'

As to the cake formed of blood, Mr Paget shews that Burt only speaks of it as seen among the poor in times of scarcity; and he adds, that it does not differ much from the black-puddings used throughout provincial England. It is true, he admits, that there are still vermin and people subject to cutaneous diseases in Highland cottages; and, unhappily, the same thing may be said of houses within a stone-throw of St James's Palace.

It may be said that Lord Macaulay makes amends to the Highlands for his groundless slanders by his equally groundless flattery; that the Highland gentleman has no right to complain of his stating that "his clothes were begrimed with the accumulated filth of years," and that he dwelt in "a hovel that smelt worse than an English hogsty," because he says in the next line that he did the honours of his hogsty with a "lofty courtesy worthy of the most splendid circle of Versailles." To quote a homely proverb, two blacks will not make a white, and to call a man a thief, a murderer, and a filthy, abject, ignorant, illiterate savage in one line, describing him in the next as graceful, dignified, and full of noble sentiment and lofty courtesy, with the intellect of a statesman and the genius of a poet, gives one about as accurate a picture of his mind and manners, as one would obtain of his features by two reflections, taken the one vertically, and the other horizontally, in the bowl of a silver tea-spoon.'

We are bound to remark that Lord Macaulay gives the unfavourable picture of the Highlands not directly as his own generalisation on the subject, but as the conception which the English then entertained regarding the Highlands, while his statements as to the

* *The New Encyclopædia*, &c. Blackwood and Sons, 1861.

† To this section of Mr Paget's book we may return at a future opportunity.

dignity and courtesy of the chiefs are directly from himself. He even allows that there were castles of great lords, where French dishes and French wines would have been found. It is, however, not unjustifiable in Mr Paget to assume the first picture as in a great measure at least Lord Macaulay's own, since he endorses some of the particulars by quoting authorities for them—the assertion of the tar for one—and nowhere attempts to shew that the economy of the general life of the people was any way different from the vulgar notions entertained in the south. His lordship clearly had no sort of sympathy with the people of whom, in the paternal line, he was sprung. We see a spirit of depreciation even in his denial of their Jacobitism. He here goes upon a mere paradox. Any one who has traced the career of Lochiel from his conversation with Sir Robert Spottiswoode at St Andrews, through his brilliant guerilla against Cromwell, and subsequent transactions, must see that he was as pure a partisan of depressed legitimacy as ever was Cadoudal or La Rochejaquelein. Every one in the least conversant with the songs and traditions of the Highlands must know how deeply engrained in the people, but especially in the clans Macdonald, Maclean, Mackenzie, and Cameron, was a devotion to the paternal line of monarchs, as distinguished from a king with (what they never could understand) a parliamentary title.

Lord Macaulay having now become himself a matter of history, it becomes fair, and even necessary, to seek for illustrations of his life and his mental tendencies. That he was to the very core a Whig partisan is palpable; that, with such a bias, he could produce an impartial account of such a transaction as the Revolution, was not to be expected; that, feeling as he did on the great political questions of the past and present, he should have idolised William and all his associates, and painted in the blackest colours the infatuated James and all who ever in any degree befriended him, is intelligible. It is not so easy to see why he should betray such an animus against the poor Celts of Scotland. Men, however, are sometimes led by strange whimsies. The very sense of a liability to the suspicion of partiality in one direction, will sometimes set a man off in a real and offensive partiality in the opposite line. The bare feeling of a personal connection with a subject will confuse even an able man's power of judging it rightly. Assuredly, there are few Englishmen of the present day who would allow themselves to speak so ungenerously of the Highlands as Lord Macaulay—the descendant of a race of Highlanders—has done. Mr Paget says: 'Lord Macaulay's pedigree is one of which no man need be ashamed, and of which many would be proud. His paternal grandfather was the Highland minister of a Highland parish, with a Highland wife and Highland children.' There was here, however, no special reason for pride, for the name of Macaulay was never one of the least account in the north, the people who bore it being only humble tenants and servants of one of the great clans—the Mackenzies. Had the connection been with any of the great landed names, who could by their swords help to determine the fate of dynasties—as these very Mackenzies, or the Macdonalds, or the Camerons—still more with the Campbells, who had both territorial grandeur and Whig inclinations—it might have been different with a mind necessarily sensitive to historical associations. The affair must, we suspect, remain much a mystery. All we know is, that Lord Macaulay has treated no people so ill as the Highlanders, of whom his father was one, and the Quakers, of which body his mother was a member.

Let the Highlanders, nevertheless, be consoled. While the writings of General Stewart of Garth and of Mrs Grant, Laggan, survive, the chivalric virtues of the old primitive race can never be matter of doubt. Against the depreciation of Lord Macaulay

may be placed the genial appreciation of a not less eminent writer, who knew them a great deal better—Sir Walter Scott.

MELIBCEUS WITH THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

I WAS in my den in the city the other morning, employed in my customary useful avocations, when there came a knock at the door, so modest, that I did not think the hand of Stockbroker could have ever dealt the blow. Expecting no other class of person, however, I merely cried: 'Come in,' and continued my work with even increased assiduity, for it always looks well to be so engaged that one has no time for civility.

There was a silence for half a minute, and then, 'I am afraid I am interrupting you, my dear fellow,' said a voice that smacked as little of scrip and share as any man's I know.

'Melibeus!' cried I; 'what! you here? I had feared that this web of mine was stretched in too dark a corner for such a bright-winged creature as yourself ever to come across it.'

And indeed, in that dusty, musty, fusty chamber, honest Melibeus, with his happy eyes, and lips half parted for a laugh, looked very ill suited to the place.

'You are come on business,' continued I, 'or else, of course, you would not be here. Now, my dear sir' (with my business air on), 'what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?'

Then he burst out. I never heard any man laugh—that is, who does it musically, as he does—so loud or so long as Melibeus. I declare he 'convulsed the Court,' which is one of the oldest in the city; he shook it to its very foundations.

I rushed at him, and besought him not to imperil the reputation of my chambers in that dreadful manner. 'People will think they are the *Alleged Lunatics' Friends Society's* apartments, and that you are one of the very worst cases they ever held. You must not laugh like that upon these premises, Melibeus: it won't do. People who live here—above the rank of certificated clerks—never laugh; and certificated clerks only snigger.'

Melibeus stopped himself as soon as he could, and assumed a look of penitence such as is worn by hypocritical monks in ribald caricatures of that profession.

'I would not have come,' said he, 'if the matter had not been one of the last importance.'

At this exordium, I seated myself mechanically in my chair of audience, and crossed my knees and my hands.

'If the opportunity was likely to occur again,' pursued Melibeus, 'or if the hour had been so early as to necessitate a serious diminution of your day of business, I would not have called to-day. But considering the enormous interests involved, affecting, as they will do, both the Old World and the New, I felt that the only course open to me was to come.'

I dipped my pen in the ink-bottle, and prepared to take voluminous notes. I began to apprehend he had sold his estate at Bullock Smithy, and was come up to invest the proceeds in railway stock of the Disunited States. 'I think, in short, you will forgive me for the interruption,' continued he, 'when I tell you that Deerfoot runs to-day, and will make no match again for the next six weeks.'

'Tush!' cried I, starting up with indignation, 'what is Deerfoot? I don't care twopence about race-horses. My dear fellow, you must not interrupt me here with these ridiculous pieces of information.'

'Interrupt you?' cried he. 'I thought I was doing you a great personal favour. It has cost me four-and-sixpence to get here, and I've got the Hansom waiting now outside the court, which, by the by, is rather a narrow one. If the matter had been of little consequence, do you think I would have taken all

this trouble? It is the last great struggle, sir, between civilisation and barbarism—the last, at least, for six weeks. Even Mrs M. was convinced of the vital importance of the affair on hand, and let me come up to town without a murmur. It begins at four precisely in the wilds of Brompton: it is now 2.30. Come, I know you'll come.'

'A person has been already due here a quarter of an hour,' said I very slowly and distinctly, 'who comes here by special appointment about the transfer'—

'The very thing!' interrupted Melibœus gladly—'miss him. Tell your clerk to say you waited twenty, thirty, forty minutes, according to the lateness of his arrival, and that he is very sorry, but that your time is so much engaged'—

'Melibœus!'

'Nay, my friend, there is a principle—the great principle of punctuality—involved, or I would recommend no such thing. He can't go to anybody else, can he?'

'No,' said I irresolutely; 'I've got his coupons.'

Again Melibœus awoke the echoes of that respectable neighbourhood, until I thought they would never cease their goblin laughter.

'I will go with you,' exclaimed I despairingly: 'your presence here will do me far more harm than will my absence.'

So I left the suggested directions with my clerk—taking care to explain to him, in an undertone, that Melibœus was subject to hysterical fits, brought on by excessive good-fortune in the share-market—and off we started westward.

We should never have discovered the arena of which we were in search, if it had not been for the crowds of people, attracted, like ourselves, by the entertainment in prospect, for although not in other respects a Rosamond's Bower, it was entangled in a labyrinth of lanes which led to nothing. The people that thronged these narrow passages were mostly of the description that one would expect to advertise for 'a good garrotte walk'; and if Murder was not inscribed upon their narrow brows, it was only because there was no room there for that as well as Dead Robbery. Some of them had dreadful 'dogs' at their heels; some of them were drunk; most of them had their noses broken. A legion of these gentry, who had met no person of substance in the dark recently, and were therefore without the necessary entrance-money, hung round the principal gate, and scowled at the incomers. After forcing our way through them, which was like wading in the Thames at very low-water, we were informed that we would get to the place by paying half-a-crown instead of a shilling, and entering at another portal, which one obsequious house-breaker (as I believe) undertook, for a trifle, to point out to us.

'Buy a portrait of Deerslut, your honours,' whined a newsmen; 'only one shilling, and all the sporting cream of the week. Since you are my fust customers, I'll make it sixpence, honourable gentlemen, or even a fourpenny-bit. You wouldn't surely haak an individual of my appearance' (he had only one shoe, and no crown to his hat) 'to demean myself by taking coppers.'

Melibœus gave him the coin last demanded, and found he had purchased a penny paper three days old.

'The coup d'œil which burst upon the view' upon gaining admittance to the ground at last, did not, as this illustrated organ said it would, 'far more than repay all *désagrémens* encountered upon the way to the *venue*!' A great square of grass lay before us, with a broad footway—which was the course—running completely round it. On the outside of the course, which was roped in, were the places for the spectators, so that every step of the runners could be seen, so long as the grass-plot was kept clear of

people. We 'reserved' individuals were separated from 'the public'—that is, from those that had only paid a shilling, and who were certainly very far from reserved, indeed, in their words and gestures—by a slender iron rail. We had purchased the privilege of caste—represented by cast iron—and of not being overcrowded, but we possessed no other advantage. On a previous occasion, 'the public,' assisted by a still lower description of persons called 'the Roughs,' had jumped over the ropes, and filled the green, so that the aristocracy could only catch sight of the runners *en passant*; but this afternoon precautions had been taken. A few of the most ruffianly of the Roughs had been admitted into the select quarter upon the understanding that they were to put down with the strong hand any attempt at revolution on the part of their *ci-devant* brethren. A gentleman immediately on our right, who seemed to be under the influence of some very ardent spirit, was the leader of this apostate band. He had no forehead, nor any eyes to speak of, only a portion, and that beaten in, of what had once been a nose, while what I believe are designated, in the language of the P. R., his 'ivories' had suffered much diminution; and yet it was an immense comfort to feel that he would be on our side in case of a row, or, at least, that he would not be against us. He was not only truculent but herculean; the spirit was willing for combat, and the flesh was very far from weak.

Wherever he hit, as he informed Melibœus, who was greatly charmed with him, he mostly made a hole. 'But there,' added he, with a smile at his own forbearance, 'I am just the very civillest beggar in all the world, and no man living can say as ever I picked a quarrel with him.'

'No man living,' returned Melibœus laughing; 'I can easily believe that, indeed.' But the giant was intellectually weak, and did not perceive the covert satire.

'If ever I stand for a contested borough,' whispered my friend, 'that fellow shall be my body-guard. The freedom of election shall be maintained by that stalwart arm.'

It was curious to see him standing so peacefully by the side of his hereditary foes, the A1 police, who, according to their invariable custom of seeing everything that is to be seen from the very best point of view, were sprinkled among us pretty plentifully. Once I fancied I caught the giant turning up the cuffs of his jacket as a certain inspector brushed by him; but he restrained the pardonable impulse, and relieved his mind by vehemently imprecating his faithful and attached companion, a bull terrier.

There were a few men of fashion amongst us, and one or two American citizens, who felt perhaps more sympathy for the Red Man in England than they had been accustomed to entertain when he was their neighbour. The rest of the company were of a class scarcely seen out of such places, and one which was certainly quite unknown at Bullock Smithy. Melibœus was quite delighted when one of them, in a scarlet cravat and paper collar, demanded of him: 'How much, sir, do this ere darkey weigh now, eh?'

'Upon my word,' responded my friend, 'I am ashamed to confess that I don't know. I understand, however, from this paper here, that he is about eight-and-twenty.'

'Stun!' exclaimed the other with amazement. 'O Jerusalem! why, he'll never run a yard.'

'Eight-and-twenty years old, I mean,' explained Melibœus. 'He has never been beaten but once since he came to England, and he recovered his laurels even from that man—Mills—on a subsequent occasion. Now, Jones of Islington, who runs him to-day, has also beaten Mills, so that we may expect a pretty close contest.'

'Is it a cross?' inquired our new friend confidentially. 'No; they run round,' returned Melibœus innocently.

'I mean, will they run on the square?' explained Scarlet Scarf in a hoarse whisper.

'O no,' replied Melibœus cheerfully; 'nobody is allowed to go on the square. They will run along this footway.'

Scarlet Scarf answered nothing, but regarded us with a fixed expression; felt all his outside pockets, five in number, very carefully; and then moved slowly away from our vicinity.

'What the deuce does he mean by that?' exclaimed Melibœus angrily. 'Does he think I want to pick his empty pockets? to steal his German-silver horse-shoe pin?'

'Yes, my friend; he does not think himself safe by the side of a man who pretends not to understand what is meant by the expressions a "cross" and "on the square"—that is to say, "fairly." He inquired of you whether the race was settled beforehand, or if it was a *bond fide* match.'

'And did he suppose, if such should be the case, that I was the confidant of scoundrels who could come to any such arrangement?'

'It is a great compliment, my dear Melibœus, both on the turf and in the ring, to be supposed to be in possession of any disreputable secret; and I daresay he took you for one who had had a "tip"—that is to say, the earliest information concerning some preconcerted swindle.'

'What a strange world of fraud and chicanery must this Child of the Forest find himself placed among!' observed Melibœus sighing. 'What ideas must he entertain of the honour and veracity of us Palefaces! How he must long for the open-handed dealings of the sons of nature, as he must pine in this scanty spot, shut in by dwellings of brick and mortar, for the free air of his native Prairies! How!—'

'Here is the Noble Savage,' observed I drily; and I was not sorry to be spared what was likely to be a voluminous epitome of the works of the late Mr Fenimore Cooper.

In a splendid bear-skin mantle, with a crown of feathers on his head, and trousers exquisitely embroidered at the hems in the Canadian fashion, Deerfoot was now promenading the course, attended by his 'leader,'—the man who was to precede or accompany him in the race, and to let him know, without his requiring to turn his head, what position his adversary occupied, when behindhand, with respect to himself. In a long straight race, there are often several 'leaders,' who relieve one another; but in the present instance, where the course was but a quarter of a mile round, the whole distance to be accomplished being four miles, or sixteen times round the grass-plot, there was only one to each man, who struck in when he deemed it requisite, and increased or slackened the pace.

The Indian was a wiry fellow, much taller than the generality of his race—six feet of bone and sinew, without an ounce of unnecessary flesh. He had a stoop in his shoulders, suggesting to us, fancifully enough perhaps, the habit of one who runs and reads—the attitude begotten by following the 'Trail' at speed.

Soon afterwards, but by no means immediately—for, as the gatekeeper observed, 'keeping one's word in respect to time is one thing, but when there is fifty pounds worth of people waiting to be took, why, that is another'—Deerfoot's adversary made his appearance, which was more that of a gentleman very recently escaped from a fever-hospital than anything else, he being almost stark naked, except for a Witney blanket, not over-clean. And yet this was the man, hight Jones of Islington, who had worked his way up to that territorial title from a comparatively humble sphere. It was not very long since he had been advertised as somebody's 'novice,' without any personal individuality at all; and lo, he was now the chosen champion of the New World, about to make

proof of the theory that the highest state of Civilisation produces the fastest men.

He had already accomplished his four miles in twenty minutes twenty-three seconds, and it was hoped that for that distance he would be able to compete with the Red Skin, whose victories had been won over longer courses. He also was attended by his 'leader,' and instructed how to run as solicitously as ever was infant taught by nurse.

The 'public,' some thousands in number, who lined the western side of the arena in ranks thirteen or fourteen deep, were by this time vociferous for action, so Jones threw away his blanket, and Deerfoot his gorgeous panoply, and the White Skin and the Red Skin stood together, with about as little on them as their common forefather Adam was accustomed to wear subsequent to the Fall. Jones of Islington had shoes of a tolerable thickness, and his adversary wore moccasins and a necklace of silver bells.

'Are you ready?—Go!' cried the starter, and away they went, most literally like arrows from the string, and the 'public' set itself to cheer, as well they might, and the umpire to consult his 'stop split centre second's hand watch'—which I suppose must mean some superlatively good one.

To see the copper-coloured and the white legs flashing past like darkness on the heels of light, to watch the eager set expression of the runners' faces, to mark the diligent aid rendered by the leaders in increasing or mitigating the speed, was to my taste a more exhilarating spectacle than any horse-race. Melibœus, with greater capacities for enjoyment, was, of course, even more gratified than I.

'Once,' said he, 'I ran a race for a couple of hundred yards myself. I had trained for it in my simple school-boy fashion, by eating of raw eggs and red beefsteaks, and yet how I did puff and blow before the finish! I thought that I should never have got my breath again. Yet—hark!—you cannot detect as these men fly by that they are breathing harder than usual. *Ars longa vita brevis*. Wind is short, but art can wonderfully prolong it. How very much more elegantly the white man runs than the other!'

And, indeed, although his toes were not turned in, as is commonly the case with men of his nation, Deerfoot 'lopped' with every stride, so that one wondered that his shoulders did not slew him round. The Indian was generally ahead, but at intervals, at command of his 'leader,' the white man would put on a spurt, and pass his adversary by a yard or two: this distance Deerfoot would gradually decrease, the sullen thud of his moccasins and the jingle of his silver bells falling louder and louder upon the ears of the unhappy Jones with every step. It was like having a sleuth-hound after one, so surely did he gain upon him, and the pursued seemed to lay his ears back like a hare to listen for his coming as he flew. At the western angle, where the greatest crowd was, and which was the finish of each quarter of a mile, there was always a great struggle, and Jones of Islington would generally get about half his nose in front. They had gone fourteen 'laps' (as these circuits are technically called), or three miles and a half, in this fashion, when, to the indignation of Melibœus, every one began to offer three to two, and even two to one, upon the Indian.

'I will take their two to one,' cried he.

'Beware, O inhabitant of Bullock Smithy,' whispered I in melodramatic bass; but upon his insisting upon investing half-a-sovereign upon Jones of Islington, I took the bet myself, having a proper respect for public opinion, and especially for the judgment of our friend the giant, who was clamorously offering three to one. Jones was the popular candidate, the man whom the public most applauded when he shot ahead; but in sporting circles, the most popular is not always 'the favourite.' The fifteenth 'lap' was run in fifty-eight seconds, being at the rate of fifteen

miles and a half per hour, and that after three miles and a half had been already accomplished. They flashed by, shoulder to shoulder, neck and neck; but lo! at the western corner, so oft the scene of Jones's most magnificent efforts, that distinguished athlete cast himself into the arms of a personal friend, and was taken away somewhere—dead beat. The Indian was performing the last round with undiminished velocity, but *alone*. The triumph of Barbarism over Civilisation was unexpected, but it was complete.

The heart of the Prairie Flower (beloved of Deer-foot) has probably, by the time this paper shall appear in print, been gladdened in her solitary wigwam by the great intelligence. The shame of Jones and of the Palefaces has doubtless been circulated (by Indian runners) over the hunting-grounds of the Noble Savage.

'It is perhaps to this disgrace,' cried I, 'that the poet prophetically alludes in *Maud* (since nobody knows any other explanation of it) in—

Pass and blush the news
O'er the blowing ships,
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest.
Pass the happy news;
Blush it through the West,
Till the Red Man dance
By his red cedar-tree,
And the Red Man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.'

'I never read your modern poets,' returned Melibon gloomily. 'Here is your ten shillings.'

'Thank you,' said I. 'I am very sorry Jones was beaten. Poor dear Jones!'

CHILDREN OF TOIL.

THERE can be no question that this is a high-pressure age, when 'every hour must sweat its sixty minutes to the death.' We live, as we travel, at express pace. Men work harder and longer than they used to do. They get into harness, also, much earlier; and many a young fellow who, in our grandfathers' days, would have been still in a state of irresponsible pupillage, may now be seen cultivating premature wrinkles under the feverish cares and anxieties which accompany the management of a large business. Even among comfortable middle-class folk, a lad is generally set to work at sixteen or seventeen; and as for the children of the poor, when do they begin to labour? Work of some kind or other is the earliest recollection of their infancy. Almost as soon as they can toddle, they commence the mill-round of toil. Every one has observed the keen, anxious, calculating look of poor children, their old-fashioned composure and business aptitude, their grave precocity, and solemn sense of responsibility. There would be something almost amusing in it, were it not so sad to see children who are old before they have ever been young; who have lost, and indeed have never known, the sunny thoughtlessness of childhood; who have met dull care and sore task-work on the very threshold of life. As far as I know, no profitable occupation has yet been found for infants in arms, which is surely a reproach to the Gradgrind school, and a great waste of animal power; but from the great progress which has been made in this direction, one may expect to see this want shortly supplied. As it is, it would seem that no sooner can a child balance itself upright than it is deemed capable of improving each shining hour.

Vast is the field for juvenile labour. In agriculture, children are employed from a very early age, and in a great variety of ways. They begin to have a money value as soon as they can shout loud enough to scare the crows, or throw stones at the sparrows, or endure

exposure in watching cattle or geese. Thus engaged, they are kept in the fields from morning to night, and every day of the week, for weeks together. As they grow older, they are employed in picking stones off land, gathering weeds, driving horses at plough, and in many other ways. At eight years of age, a boy can earn at least 6d. a day in the fields; at eleven or twelve, double as much. In Herefordshire, it appears that there are no fewer than seven annual harvests, in each of which children are largely employed—namely, bark-peeling, hay, corn, hops, potatoes, apples, and acorns. Generally speaking, however, the agricultural work imposed on the young is healthy, and not oppressive. It is also suspended during a portion of the year, when they can get a little schooling.

In London and other large towns, there is scarcely any age at which money may not be earned. Thanks to lavish and indiscriminate alms-giving, begging has now become a profession, the followers of which are large employers of children. It is said there are agencies in the metropolis who supply, on the shortest notice, a small family 'sorted' as to ages, and got up in any style, from the shabby-genteel (very taking), where there is a dismal attempt to keep up appearances, to the utterly desolate and abandoned in rags and tatters, shivering and chattering their teeth in the highest style of art, and on the lowest scale of remuneration. Then there is that light and graceful occupation known as 'catherine-wheeling,' which means turning round and round alternately on hands and feet, as deftly as the three-legged man on a Manx halfpenny. With such pursuits, thieving, when opportunity offers, is generally combined; and it is appalling to think how many thousand children are carefully trained to steal in a great town like London. But to come to more legitimate occupations: there are blacking shoes, running errands, holding horses, and selling fuses, oranges, or penny newspapers. Shoe-blackening is quite a new trade; it is only some nine years since it was introduced, yet it appears that the London shoe-blacks have earned £11,955 during that period. Their united earnings for the last financial year amounted to £4548; a sum representing the polishing of no less than 1,119,320 pair of boots. As much as 12s. 10d. has been taken by a boy in one day, but the average is about 1s. 6d. a day. Very young errand-boys can make 2s. 6d. a week; and girls receive 1s. and upwards a week, with their food, for nursing infants nearly as big as themselves.

Industrial employments are found to tell most prejudicially on the young. In cotton and lace factories, coal-mines, print and bleach works, it has been found necessary to regulate their hours of labour by acts of parliament. No legislative checks have, however, been imposed on a considerable number of trades in which the young are largely and often injuriously employed, such as tin, copper, lead, and zinc mines, metal-ware, earthen-ware, and glass manufactures; pillow-lace, hosiery, draw-boy weaving, hand-frame winding and warping, paper-making and staining, tobacco and lucifer-match manufactures. The commissioners who conducted an inquiry on this subject in 1842, reported that in these occupations instances occur in which children begin to work as early as three and four years of age, not unfrequently at five, and between five and six; while, in general, regular employment commences between seven and eight.

Early ages are found principally in the manufacture of pins, earthenware, machine-lace, hosiery, and draw-boy weaving. One of the sub-commissioners found an infant under two years of age regularly employed by her mother, a lace-drawer, and working from six in the morning to six at night. The mother and two elder girls—one six, and the other eight—worked till 10 P.M. The poor creatures never had time to go out to play, barely to eat their meals, and there was a constant cry from the mother of 'Mind

your work.' They were not, however, apparently unhealthy. In the Potteries, children often begin work regularly at six or seven, turning the wheel for journeymen, and earning from 1s. to 2s. a week. In the metal foundries, children under eight can gain 4s. a week as helpers. The earnings of children between eight and fourteen, in Warwickshire, and five other midland counties, are calculated to be at the rate of 2s. a week per head, or £260,000 a year. In one establishment at Birmingham, 315 children are engaged, a third of whom are between eight and fourteen years of age, and who earn on the average 4s. a week.

As to the hours of work, the commissioners remark: 'The instances are rare in which the regular hours of work are less than twelve, including from one hour to one hour and a half for meals; but the nominal hours of work are often no indication of the duration of the labour, the work being not unfrequently continued from thirteen up to eighteen hours consecutively.' In the metal-ware trades, children are employed on the average fourteen hours, sometimes even sixteen and twenty hours. Night-work, detrimental both physically and morally to the young, is deplorably frequent. In too many trades, the men work by fits and starts, an interval of idleness and dissipation being atoned for by a severe spell of work, and the labour of the children of course depends upon that of the men, whose helpers they are. Thus, while the average hours may not be excessive, they are often engaged for nearly twenty-four hours a day several days together. The children are hired and paid by the journeymen, and the proprietor of the work knows nothing and cares nothing about them. In this position, the child is exposed to severe, and sometimes cruel usage from brutal workmen. In the Black Country, the poor wretches lead a miserable life. A workman thinks nothing of correcting his 'lad' with a hammer, file, or any other instrument that lies nearest his hand, with kicks and cuffs in profusion. In Sedgley, they are sometimes struck with red-hot iron, and burned and bruised at once. To 'send a flash of lightning' at a boy is deemed prime sport—that is, to jerk the white-hot iron bar, in removing it from the furnace, so as to send a shower of sparks over the naked arms or breast of the poor fellow. One has only to read the Report of the commissioners to find too much confirmation of Mr Senior's remarks, in summing up the evidence: 'We look with shame and indignation at the pictures of American slavery, but I firmly believe that the children at the worst-managed plantations are less overworked, less tortured, better fed, and quite as well instructed as the unhappy infants whose early and long-continued labour occasions the fabulous cheapness of our hardware and lace, and whose wages feed the intemperance of their parents.'

Sad as it is to contemplate, the present system is, in a great measure, inevitable. Not only are poor parents loath to dispense with the earnings of their offspring, but the children themselves are in some cases charmed by the excitement and independence of work, and cannot be restrained from procuring it. The great evil of juvenile labour is, not so much its effect on health as on education. The children are so incessantly employed, that they have no time to go to school, or can remain there but a very brief time. In the Report of the recent commission, stress is laid on this as the great drawback in disseminating education among the people. What should be done (and it is all just now that is possible) is to limit the hours of work in factories—in private houses, where children are employed in a domestic way, interference would be impracticable—so as to preserve the young toilers from overexertion, and allow them up to a certain age a number of hours every day for schooling; it would not be altogether unreasonable to add,

and some for play. This will probably be the recommendation of the Royal Commission, which is about to institute a fresh inquiry into the matter.

A 'CORPSE-CANDLE.'

THE progress of the body of Alexander from the hour when it was life-abandoned to that in which it was employed to close a bung-hole, was a slow one. A chemist who possessed the ability of a Hoffman, a Normandy, or a Crookes, could reduce a far bulkier body than that of the great Macedonian to as small a compass, and in a very short space of time. Something of this kind was performed by a French chemist not very long ago. Having had the misfortune to lose a friend to whom he was deeply attached, he extracted all the iron from his body, and had it manufactured into a ring, which he wore constantly on his wrist. This exhibition of French eccentricity was not altogether novel. In 1792, Paris was not a particularly pleasant place to live in; nevertheless people were born there, lived there, and died there—some of them in an exceedingly disagreeable and abrupt manner—very much as they had done before. Among others of its inhabitants was one Hippolyte Louchet, who kept a shop for the sale of grocery, wine, candles, oil, blacking, and other articles of chandlery, at the corner of the Rue Favart and a little street which runs into the Rue de Grammont.

Now, M. Louchet had a daughter, with a taste for coquetry, which manifested itself at a remarkably early age even for a Frenchwoman. The social position of the parties on whom she exercised her talent in this way was quite a matter of indifference to her, for, like a good little citizeness, she accepted the doctrine, that all were equal. I am speaking now of a time when she was a girl, and Eugène Danton was a boy some eleven or twelve years of age. Eugène's position was not a lofty one, nor his prospects brilliant, his avocation being that of a *commissionnaire*—that is to say, he cleaned the boots of such citizens as continued to indulge in such refinement, ran errands, and made himself generally useful. His acquaintance with Mademoiselle Agathe Louchet originated in his buying his blacking in her father's shop, where the little lass did not hesitate to ask him all kinds of impertinent questions respecting his business, to the amusement of her father and mother, and the confusion of poor little Eugène. After a time, he seems to have found that the corner of the Rue Favart offered greater advantages in a professional point of view than the adjacent station he had hitherto occupied, and he removed his apparatus thither. He now had frequent opportunities of seeing Agathe as she passed to and from her father's house; and whenever this happened, no matter at how critical a stage of development he had brought the polish on his customer's boots, he invariably jumped up, and, totally forgetful of his dignity as a citizen of the republic, made mademoiselle a bow. It occasionally happened that mademoiselle would stop to speak to him, if he chanced to be unoccupied; and great was Eugène's joy when this occurred, and astonishing the energy with which he danced the Carmagnole round his establishment by way of giving vent to it. In such stirring times as those, it would not have been difficult for him to have pushed his way up in the world, at the risk, however, of being pushed out of it altogether by some one who wanted his place; but the desire to see Mademoiselle Agathe restrained him from making any effort in this direction, until he had become thoroughly aware that if his love for her were to be crowned by marriage, he must make an effort to raise himself above the condition of a *commissionnaire*.

Accordingly, shortly after reaching his fifteenth year, he made application to Citizen Destouches, one of the oldest and kindest of his patrons, for a post under the

Republic. This citizen received Eugène very kindly, and in a short time procured for him a situation in the Chamber of Deputies. He was now in a fair way of getting influence enough to compel Agathe's parents to consent to his marrying their daughter, even if they had any objection to a young man whose prospects had so much improved; but inasmuch as he was as yet of tender years, he contented himself, for the time, with visiting the family on the ground of his being an old acquaintance, on which occasions he was treated by Agathe with great coolness when her parents were present, and a corresponding amount of familiarity whenever they chanced to be away. Also it is to be feared that she saw him on other occasions elsewhere than in her father's house. Time gradually removed the sole impediment to their union; and having now attained his nineteenth year, Eugène urged Agathe to suffer him to make a formal request for her hand; but the young lady opposed it with all sorts of pretexts for delay. The truth was, she had known him so long, that she was now tired of him, and there appear to have been others who had a better claim to her hand, if they had chosen to assert it, than he. The more reluctant she appeared to be to accept him as her husband, the more anxious he shewed himself to occupy that position. At last, tired of his importunities, she gave him a decided negative in such positive terms, that he left her with the profound conviction that there was not the least hope for him.

Instead of revenging his disappointment by getting her sent to the scaffold, and thus preventing her from breaking any more hearts, this young man did the very thing which she must most have desired, considering how dangerous a disappointed living lover might become in those days—he committed suicide, and accompanied the act of self-destruction with a circumstance so very extraordinary, that I am half afraid to relate it, lest some may doubt whether I am writing with a strict regard to the truth. On getting to his apartments, he sent a note to one of the principal men who possessed establishments at Montfaucon, to whom he had been introduced by Destouches, requesting him to breakfast with him the next morning. The greater part of the night he spent in meditating on his project, and the remainder in arranging his affairs in connection with the Chamber of Deputies, for at this time he had reached a position of some importance. The person he had invited duly presented himself at the breakfast-table at the time appointed. What passed between them was stated by the latter to have been merely a request that he would allow him (Eugène) to sleep at his house that night, and the exaction of a promise to faithfully perform whatever request he might make to him. After this man, Pivoine, had gone, Eugène went to the commissionaire whom he was in the habit of employing, and told him to come to his apartments in the course of the afternoon. When he came, he gave him a bag to carry to Pivoine's house, and ordered him to wait there till he arrived. Late that evening, Eugène Danton was sitting in a bedroom in the horse-slaughterer's house at Montfaucon, and before him stood the young commissionaire. 'Pierre,' said he, addressing him, 'we have been acquainted a long time, and I know I can depend on you to do what I ask, precisely and without variation. What I want you to do is this: on the fourth day from this, you will deliver this note to Mademoiselle Louchet: it is an appointment for her to call on me the next evening at my apartments. You will afterwards return here, and M. Pivoine will give you a letter and a candle. You will be in attendance to receive Mademoiselle Agathe when she arrives, and the moment she enters the room, you will light the candle, and put the letter into her hands. As I may not be a customer of yours after that day, here are two gold pieces for you; but you must first promise me that you will faithfully obey my direc-

tions; and if by any chance Agathe does not come to my apartments on that evening, you will find means to cause her to read the letter by the light of that candle.'

Pierre not only promised, but kept his word in every particular. Mademoiselle Agathe came, but evidently with no very good-will, and quite prepared to give vent to her ill-humour on the slightest provocation, as appeared from the statement made by Pierre.

There were candles burning on the mantel-piece when she entered the room, but before the lad put Eugène's letter into her hand, he lighted the candle he had received from Pivoine, and held it while she read it. It ran as follows:

'MY DEAR AGATHE—I have told you a thousand times that not only would I die for you, but that if you ceased to love me I should cease to live. That time has arrived. You have had the cruelty to tell me, in the hardest language, that you no longer love me. Agathe, you have broken my heart—that heart which knew no hope with which you were not associated, and if I die to-day, I do but hasten an event which would surely happen to-morrow. But I forgive you your coquetry and cruelty, my cherished one—adored even now in my last moments. You will read this letter by the light of a candle composed of my body; so that, having served you faithfully while alive, I have still the happiness of knowing that I shall be of service to you after my death. Adieu! my angel—my adored!'

THY DYING EUGÈNE.'

'Blow out that candle, Pierre, and give me what is left,' said Agathe; and as she turned to leave the room she sighed heavily and added: 'Pauvre Eugène! Vraiment, le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!'

AUTUMN.

O AGE of death! O season of decay!

That thief-like quickly came and seized the best
Of this earth's beauty, which before thee lay,
And wore it, withering, on thy joyless crest!

Nor loved, nor welcomed is the certain reign
Of thy shrill tempests, and thy cloudy skies:
It grieves our hearts to hear their dismal strain,
Who heard the joyous notes of Summer rise.

How wails the rustling wood in every blast
That fiercely tears its crimson leaflets down;
While falls thy hail, thy chilly rain so fast,
As nature weepeth for her flowery crown.

All gems thou gatherest, Autumn, unto thee—
All, save a few that trembling dare to blow
In thickest forest or on sheltered lea:
They hang their changing heads, their blossoms low.

Ere long they fade, and thy grim step will stand
On mount and plain, victorious and alone:
Beneath their ruin and a naked land,
With wrecks, with wasted treasures, all thine own.

Then sad calm days shall bathe the vapoury view
In fitful splendour and mysterious light.
Such days as those before we never knew:
They seem the morning of a dreary night.

The yellow glebe, the vale, the purple hill,
The genial sun that warms the misty air,
The twinkling wavelets of the quiet rill,
And sapphire shades all faintly mirrored there,

Are not of thee, O Autumn! for thy face
Ne'er spoke in smiles: 'twas Summer's parting knell:
He rallied fondly in his ancient ways,
Then fled, and bade the sorrowing year farewell.

W. C. I.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.
Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.